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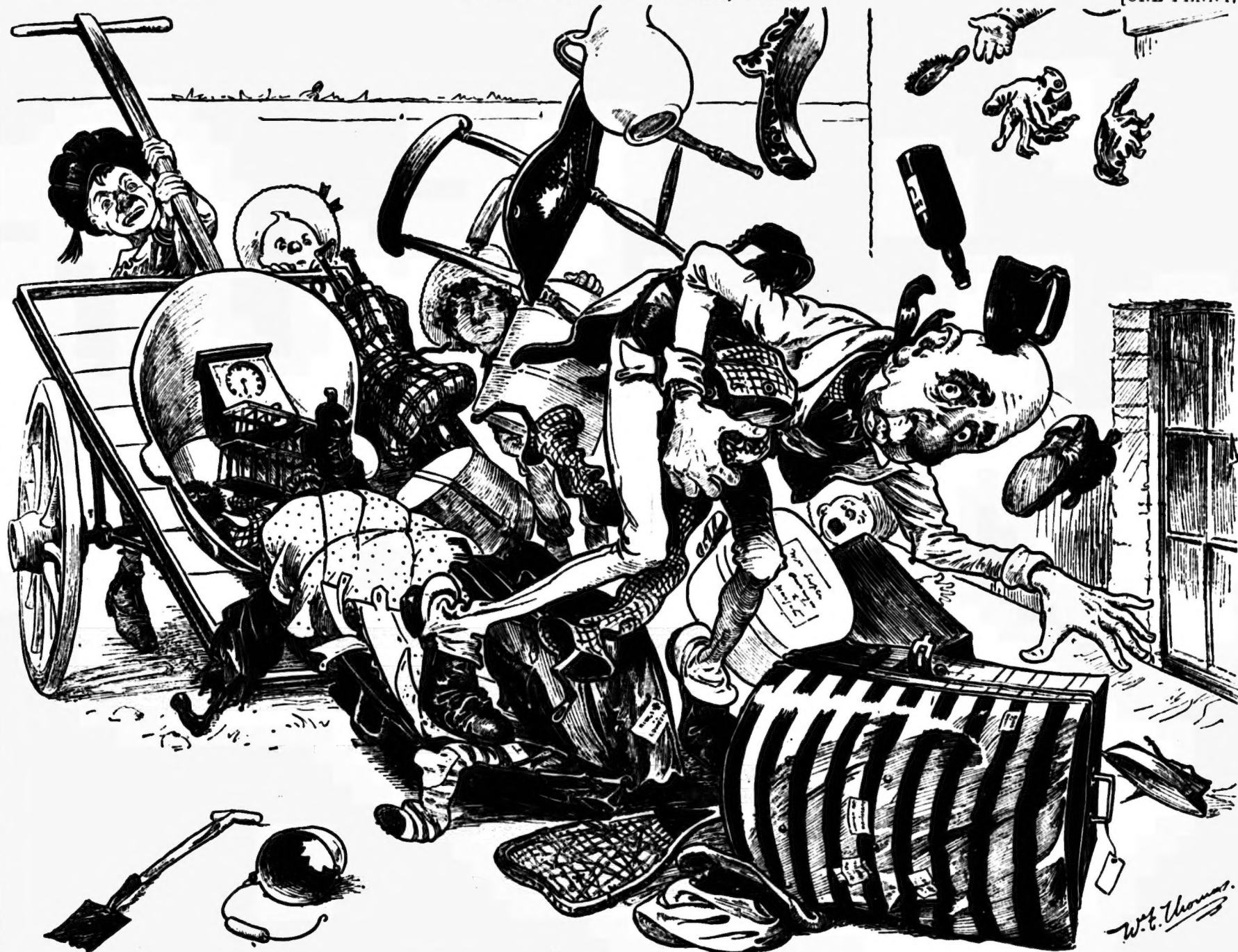
ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 531.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



OFF TO THE SEA!

"The broker's man having taken possession at 'The Mildeweries' for rent and sundry other trifles, Poor Pa has come to the conclusion that it is about time he started on his annual Seaside crawl. The first problem that suggested itself to his mind was as to the best means of removing his household goods without detection. This was soon solved, and the other afternoon our backyard resembled a second-hand furniture shop more than anything else. Fortunately, the man in possession was too sound asleep to be disturbed by the noise. After a good deal of delay, the family, I am pleased to say, got off quite safely."—TOOTSIE.

ANOTHER SHOCK TO THE NONCON' CONSCIENCE!

CHARLES DICKENS AND TOM SAYERS.



Miss Primely (to youthful niece, who has come to see for the summer vacation). And if Mr. Dorem should call, endeavour to entertain him in a modest and ladylike manner.

The Rev. Hunky Dorem. You might sing me a little song, my dear—some simple melody, such as you are accustomed to chant while amid your innocent school-fellows.

And then for the first time there fell upon the horrified ears of the Rev. Hunky Dorem the never-to-be-forgotten strains of that immortal ballad, "E dunno where 'e are!"

WAS Charles Dickens present at the great international prize-fight at Farnborough, between Tom Sayers and John Heenan?

We have it, on the authority of Henry Downes Miles, that the audience present, which numbered over a thousand, "most unhesitatingly pronounced the most aristocratic ever assembled at the ring side. It included the bearers of names highly distinguished in the pages of Burke and Debrett, officers of the army and navy, Members of Parliament, justices of the peace, and even brethren of the cloth; whilst the muster of *litterati* on behalf of the leading metropolitan journals and the most popular periodicals and miscellanies—to say nothing of the editorial and pictorial staffs of our American contemporaries—gave quite a new feature to the gathering, and evinced the overwhelming interest and excitement this national rivalry had created throughout both hemispheres."

In the number of *All the Year Round*, dated May 19th, 1890, it is true that the writer of an article entitled "The Great Pugilistic Revival," says, "After conference with my friend, the conductor of this journal, I received his encouragement personally to go to the fight, and to avow in these pages that I had done so." But the article in question bears throughout the unmistakable mark of the chief's hand, and Charles Dickens might not have liked to make the fact of his presence public more than did Lord

Palmerston, the Premier, and many others.

We briefly epitomise what the writer says:—"When I went out into the frosty air, instead of going comfortably to bed, about 1 A.M., on Tuesday, April 17th, 1860, I held a railway ticket in my hand. A journey from London Bridge to nowhere and back, by a special four o'clock train, was all that I was guaranteed by this slip of cardboard, in return for the sum of three pounds sterling." He describes the journey down in a rather over-crowded second-class carriage, which lasted two hours, and says, "The appearance of our train, and of the passengers who hurriedly alighted from it, was a signal to some of the scared farmers to barricade their dwellings. A muddy tramp over half a mile of marshy meadow land, where we had to jump over small ditches and struggle through hedges, brought us to the field selected for the battle. When the immortal Sayers stepped into the ring, at about seven in the morning, he was received with a round of applause. His face was a deep sallow brown, and looked like a square block of walnut wood. He was slightly nervous. Heenan next entered the ring, to be received with quite as much enthusiasm. He was equally nervous. His portraits have flattered him. There are two styles of nose which all prize fighters must be content to select from—one presenting a flat, triangular appearance, the other indented near the tip and slightly turned up so that you could hang a key upon it. The immortal Heenan had a moderate nose of the last pattern. The two immortal men shook hands, and seemed to inquire cordially after each other's health, which was the signal for another round of applause. They eyed one another curiously and reflectively, as they had never met before. The ring-keepers—some twenty selected pugilists with long sticks—were now very busy in arranging the visitors, causing those in front who had purchased inner-ring tickets at ten shillings each to sit down on the wet turf, their railway rugs, or camp stools that were selling at a sovereign apiece."

This ran the price of the show up to four pounds, ten shillings, without other extras not mentioned, and the loss of watches and purses. But to continue: "The two immortal heroes of the hour stood up before each other in the most approved attitudes. There was a forced laugh on each champion's face that was meant to be agreeable. Their left feet kept tapping the ground in a kind of dancing step, and they skipped from side to side after aiming or parrying a blow. At last, amidst uproarious applause, the immortal Sayers succeeded in drawing 'first blood' from his antagonist."

"The first knock-down blow was received by the Englishman. The immortal Sayers was knocked down at least twenty times by the immortal Heenan, or fell, humouring his blows. He was always picked up by his seconds in the most affectionate manner, and carried to his corner like a Guy Fawkes, to be sponged."

"The immortal Sayers's face was like a battered copper tea kettle; his right arm was stiff and helpless, and he was freely spitting blood. The immortal Heenan's right eye was closed up with a huge lump of blue flesh, produced by the Englishman's well-directed and determined blows; his upper lip, too, was puffed out, as if there were six rows of gums and teeth behind it. When, at the end of two hours and in the thirty-seventh round, the American got the neck of the Englishman across the rope, it was not the fault of the mob that murder was not presented to them as a crowning treat for their money. Surely there is something wrong after all in the 'Noble Art.'"

SPECIAL EDISHUN.

the grate fite iss a cummin orf. itt as bin deside that me an the deming boi ain't too ware no dow curioses nor arness belts. itt iss to be a 48-foot wring, so as there mai bee plenty off room to gett awai wen the ittin begins.

(Next week, "Card Sharppers.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very happy, MARS, to tell you, But, alas! we do not know. Yes, you ought to, FAITHFUL READER—Only eighteenpence or so. Try it as you please, A SCHOLAR, It's impossible to do. Glad to hear it, F. E. BLACKIE; There are only one or two. Sorry that we cannot, PEARLY; Story's far too long, you see. Any time you please, A SCOTSMAN. Thanks for cutting, A. H. B. ALLY hasn't quite decided, JEMMY; but he'll let you know. Tootsie just at present, HAROLD, Hasn't got another bean.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

At a Flower Show.

She. What lovely roses.

He. I know something far more beautiful.

She. Indeed, what?

He. Those two lips of yours.

[And she rewarded him with a closer inspection.]

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes,"

He sang, but sang in vain;

The maiden was content with naught

But '84 champagne.

Mr. Stingiman (who thinks he will take the opportunity of swagger friends being present to teach Mrs. S. a lesson). Here is your purse on the mantel-piece again, Mrs. S. Really, the way you allow it to lie about is a disgrace.

Mrs. Stingiman (with such a sweet smile). Really, dear, as you never give me anything to put in it, I don't see that it matters much.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 531.—The "Snake-Charming" Costume.



THE NEW SLOPER BATHING GARB.
Very much patented. What do you think?

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?"
"No; but it's next to impossible."



Daughter. But you will like George: he is such a straightforward, conscientious man.
Father (a business man). Straightforward and conscientious, eh? Then don't think of marrying him: you'd starve to death.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.

No. 13.—Lover, and Lover.

(Lover, and Leave her.)

Gent (in a hurry). Out of the way, ass!

Other Gent. I'm not an ass.

Gent (in a hurry). Then why notice the remark—it couldn't have been addressed to you?

SCENE—Artist's Studio.

Artist (who thinks a lot of himself). Tell me, now, Lady Gwendoline—er—what to put on this picture—er—I send it in to-morrow, you know.

Lady Gwendoline (who has got some of the colour on her dress). I should suggest "Wet paint."

"EVERYTHING in this world depends upon the application. For instance: many a young person lies awake at night thinking over his next sermon, while, if he had to listen to it, he would most likely go to sleep."—SLOPER'S MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Editor of Sporting Journal. My paper gave the winner of every single race last week.

Friend. Oh, come, you don't expect me to believe that, do you?

Editor of Sporting Journal. I'll bet you a sovereign it's true.

Friend. Done.

Editor of Sporting Journal. Well, you've lost. You just look at our reports of the meetings and you'll find we give all the winners—starting prices as well.

You call a woman saucy puss—

'Tis complimentary that—

But just see what she'll say if you

Allude to her as cat.

Yankee. I say, mister, I guess this blamed peerage you sold me is nothing but a tarnation fraud!

Bookseller. How's that, sir?

Yankee. Why, it ain't got their incomes put down, and that's what I wanted it for. (Confidentially.) You see, mister, I bought it for my gal, and she wants to find out which of the Dukes and Earls is hard up, and would be likely to jump at a wife with a couple of millions behind her. Ain't got any book as will tell me that? Well, this is a one-hoss country. Darn it!

"WHAT beautiful hair you have, Ida," he said fondly, as he lovingly caressed the golden curls that clustered around his darling's forehead; "so silky, so soft—" "That you might almost call it Ida-down, eh?" she interrupted. And when her lover had recovered consciousness again, she made him promise, there and then to "send it to SLOPER."

Young City Man. Beastly weather, isn't it? If it keeps on much longer it will ruin trade entirely.

Young West-End Man. Good job, too! Trade's bad form. Sooner it's done away with the better, deah boy.

Daughter (reading from novellette). "As the lovely Lady Gladys swept up the room—"

Mother. Stop, stop, M'ria! read me somethin' else; I don't want to know nothin' about a lady of title as does 'er own 'ouse-work.

Tom. How's the missis?

Jack. She's orl right, thanks.

Tom. And how's her mother?

Jack. Oh! she can't complain.

Tom (who knows her). Can't she? Then I s'pose she's dead.

Counsel. You say you have kept a diary for the last two years, and yet you cannot give us the date of one single important event during the time; you cannot have kept your diary very carefully.

Witness. Oh, but I did! I kept it very carefully locked up in a drawer, and never wrote a word in it all the time

THE sermons that delight us most

Are those we fancy ought

To make that wretched humbug, Brown,

Or Smith sit up and snort.

Husband (with great intensity). Why are you behaving in this manner? Are you endeavouring to show your dislike to me?

Wife (with sweet innocence). Oh, dear, no; on the contrary, I am endeavouring to conceal it.

Mrs. Lushington. Why, you're half drunk, man.

Mr. Lushington. Can't help it, my dear. I got ash drunk ash I could on the money; but you only gave me half a crown, and that doesn't go far with man like myself, you know.

Man (in cart, driving ancient crock, patronizingly, to Foot-Passenger). Here, my man, have a lift, won't you?

Foot-Passenger (with a glance at the horse). No, thanks; I'm in a hurry.

"My husband has excellent spirits," said the hostess to a male visitor during the temporary absence of her spouse. "I'm sure I'm delighted to hear it, my dear madam, was the unexpected response. "I was just thinking a little drop of whisky wouldn't come amiss."

Tom. Are you going to see the fight between Jackett and Corbon?

Dick. Not I. What's the good? They're both going to use 16-ounce gloves, so they won't be able to knock one another about a bit—might as well watch two old women scrapping.

"THERE is only one suitable place in the paper for this," said the editor, as he looked up wearily from the MS. "And that, sir," inquired the amateur poet, "is—" "The agony column," said the editor. [And the baddy drops on his brow were sufficient evidence to show that he spoke with feeling.]

House Hunter. But the place must be very damp; why, the papers are all peeling off the walls.

Agent. My dear sir, that's one of the great advantages of the house; look how much you'll save when you want the rooms re-papered.

You'd stand astonished, nay, appalled,

And well indeed you might,

To note the beer the angler takes

"To bring 'em on the bite."

Manager. A pity you kill your hero and heroine in the last act.

Young Author. You think so, sir. Would you let them live?

Manager (with decision). By no means; I should kill 'em in the first and shorten the agony.

"YOUNG Templenob's chucked up the law and taken to jour nalism."

"Indeed. His career at the bar was very brief."

"Very briefless, you mean. That's what disgusted him with the profession."

Editor. This is a very lame joke of yours, Mr. Wheezer, about the child.

Comic Contributor (indignantly). Lame, sir, lame! why, that very joke was made by my own four-year-old boy; his sayings are simply wonderful, sir.

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TOOTSIE OFF AGAIN.

THINGS generally have been a bit "off" at "The Mildeweries." Poor Pa has not been at all himself, and has consulted a high-



Friends once more.

class specialist in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square. The specialist looked at Poor Pa's tongue and felt his pulse, and said, "Dear, dear! You're all wrong, and must have a thorough change. You must take a long journey: go round the world. They take you now for a mere trifle—a hundred guineas." Poor Pa said, "At the present moment, I haven't them handy." "To be sure," said the specialist, "it does happen so, sometimes. Let's say, instead, a month in the Sunny South—Florence, Brindisi, Monte Carlo." "Won't run to it," "Dear, dear! Say a week at Margate." "Can't be done." "Bless me, are there now no objects of interest in your immediate vicinity?" "Well, yes. There's the Dogs' Home and Battersea Park." "Try the Park, and if within your income, a ride on a penny steamer. Let me see, you said your name was—" Poor Pa mentioned it. "ALLY SLOPER—I never heard of it. But no matter. I don't know Battersea. Here's the prescription." Poor Pa pensively placed a paper packet in the specialist's hand and wended his way. When the street door was closed on him, the specialist consulted the boy in buttons as to who Poor Pa was. "What's in that paper he's give you?" says Buttons. The specialist looked. There were four farthings, which Poor Pa, when fetched back, explained he was keeping as curiosities, and that they to him were priceless. Since then he has been searching everywhere for a bad sovereign and a lead shilling he had wrapped up in another paper. He really ought to be more careful.

Things are a little off. Ma has not been at all well and obliged to take peppermint; and Alexandry has broken out in a rash. The tradespeople recently have been anything but polite, and the man who brought the last quarter hundred of cobbles wouldn't leave them. To crown all, the brokers are in.

Under these circumstances, Pa and na propose making a tour of the principal seaside places till things settle down and bygones become bygones. Meanwhile, Bob, whom I have at last forgiven for being a Lord, has just dropped in with a suggestion that we should start to-morrow on our annual holiday, and has brought with him the Dook Snook and the Hon. Billy, who for some time past have been under what may be described as a cloud, Billy's mother having stopped his weekly half-crown and the Dook's tenant at Tumbledown Towers having begun suing him for arrears of wages as caretaker and proper up.

The Misses Tottie Goodenough and Iardi Longsox are just now "resting," and it was proposed that they should accompany us. We have shaken hands all round.

The absolute necessities have been purchased, and squeezed with some difficulty into three biggish boxes. Billy on packing days is invaluable as a weight on the lid. In one instance, however, we had to add Iardi, and I'm afraid one of the hinges has given way.

Oh, good gracious! talk of weights. The stupid, clumsy booby has just plumped down on the lid of my bandbox, and all within is wreck and ruin. Well, there, I can never wear that hat, and it's certain sure I can't go without one.

The day has arrived; but, oh, dear, last night I had such an awful dream. I dreamt that Bob and the Dook Snook had turned up at the moment of starting to say that cash had run suddenly short, that we must ride third, and that the donkey barrow at the door must be our conveyance to the railway station. Uttering a piercing shriek, I awoke—to find, as some poet or other remarks, "twas but a dream."

Yes, a dream, for there, outside, are three as neat looking hansoms as ever I saw, and a highly-respectable growler to carry our luggage, of which there is a fairish crowd. The inhabitants of Battersea turn out en masse and cheer lustily. Arriving at the



Tootsie's dream.

railway station we find a vast assemblage, who also cheer. "What time do we start?" I ask Lord Bob. At the moment a guard steps forward. "My lord, your special train is ready." Special train! What does it all mean?

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

SCADDSOCKS was literally up to his eyes in 'em. His bootmaker had positively declined to wait another day, and his tailor had got judgment in the County Court. There was old Benjamin, the money-lender, too, who threatened to proceed to the most horrible extremities, and Gassop's, the bottled-beer people, were issuing an execution. But perhaps the worst of all was Hosegrint, the fellow he owed for shirts, and socks, and underclothes innumerable. Hosegrint had certainly not pressed his miserable creditor for years, but now that he seemed to realize his customer's wretched state of impecuniosity he was relentless itself.

Scaddsocks lived in a "flat"; and that very morning when he opened his "oak" to grab the halfpennyworth of milk that a still unsuspecting purveyor of the fluid had, sometime earlier, deposited by the side of the threadbare mat, the desperate Hosegrint, who had been lying in wait, pushed his way in! Striding into the wretched creditor's "study" he seated himself in a chair, and calmly announced his intention of sitting there till he got his money. To prove to the miserable Scaddsocks that he was dead in earnest he unrolled a brown paper parcel that he had carried under his arm, and displayed his nightshirt, clean socks, a pork-pie and a flask of milk. He had come prepared for a siege.

Now Scaddsocks was not, by a very long chalk, a person bereft of resource. He saw that the indignant Hosegrint was no longer to be put off with fine promises: nothing but the ready brass would do. That he could not have that was a very foregone conclusion, for Scaddsocks hadn't a florin in the world just then, and even when he got a bit it was "wanted," as they say in the immoral and wicked betting-lists. How, then, could he get the man of cuffs and collars out?

He thought he saw a way. First of all he ate his breakfast, with many and many a sigh. Having finished it, he carefully went across the room and locked the door. Then he shut and fastened both the windows, and stuffed a travelling rug up the flue of the chimney so as to exclude the air. Having done this, he cut a number of newspapers into long strips and, with a sixpenny bottle of gum, pasted the pieces over the chinks of the doors and the windows.

Hosegrint appeared to be taking a grim interest in the proceedings.

But Scaddsocks's mind was made up. Having pasted the last strip of paper over the window, he sat down at the table and, taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following note:

To the Coroner for West-Central Diddlesex.

SIR,—When, at a subsequent date, you and a number of small tradesmen of this district "sit upon" the bodies of poor Mr. Samuel J. Hosegrint and myself, don't add anything about "temporary insanity" to your verdict. I cannot speak for my companion, but I am sane, and am leaving this life because I'm sick and tired of it. Bury us both in the same grave, and have chiselled on the headstone:

"They died like brothers."

Yours obediently,
JETHRO JIMSONFOGG SCADDSOCKS.

"May as well add your signature to that?" he said, pushing the paper across the table to the now highly interested hostler; "and then I'll turn all the gas on full! It will not take long to asphyxiate us!"

As he spoke he rose from the table, and smashing the gas-globe with an ebony ruler, turned the gas full on!

It was a hatless and excited man that rushed down the stone steps of the building and fled along the streets; and Scaddsocks, half an hour later, as he soaked the paper off the doors and windows, muttered:

"Capital, capital—worked like a charm, but I must manage it next time without incurring the expense of new gas-globes—it'd be just as effective!"

"GOOD NEIGHBOURS."

WE'VE always been good neighbours, Dame Marjorie and I. She lives a-down the lane there, so handy and so nigh; Her garden is so pretty—while mine, tho' neat and trim, Seems often somewhat lonely, perhaps 'tis but my whim. At anyrate, my roses with hers can ne'er compare, So really it's no wonder, when I've an hour to spare, That down the lane I saunter, and at her gate I stay And smoke my pipe when bidding Dame Marjorie good-day!

We've always been good neighbours, so do not think 'tis wrong If there I like to linger and hear the blackbird's song. Her parlour is so dainty and how can I refuse To step inside and rest awhile and give her all the news? And then a cup of tea, perhaps, she brings—what can I do? I wouldn't answer no for worlds—nor more indeed would you! And Marjorie sits knitting, and thro' the open door Comes the fragrance from the hayfield—what heart could wish for more!

But, oh! 'tis very dull at home, after I say good-night! And shut the little wicket-gate amid the fading light— When Marjorie's the other side, somehow my heart feels lone: I wonder if she'd care to come and call my house her own? I think I'll ask, perhaps to-night, amid the roses sweet, Where, down the mossy garden path, good neighbours often meet, And I think she'll droop her pretty head and murmur low, "I will." For after all, tho' friends are dear, a wife is dearer still!

SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.

(Specially worked out with instruments by the Sloperian Scientist.)

It is computed that 1257 middle-aged men residing in North London alone told their wives on leaving home last Saturday morning that they thought it only a duty to put in an appearance at the Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall, and that they might not be home until supper. And each one of those much enslaving women purchased a "special" Standard at about 7.30 p.m., and read therein that there had been a recent muster for a Saturday after Ascot at Alexandra Park races. And then did each proceed to heat the kitchen poker, and to place the carving-knife and the clothes-prop handy, and to generally prepare a welcome for the wanderers.

Sad—very, very sad! Whereas, at a recent conference, only three young men knew how many f's there were in Ephesians, eighty-seven could tell you the titles of all the pubs between the Mansion House and Hammersmith, with the quality of the "Scotch" at each, and the Christian names of half the barmaids.

The brain of the average man weighs three and a half pounds. The average woman's is a bit lighter, but the quality's superior. This is what enables her to spot the fact that her hostess at Ascot had the salads made with tinned lobster.

Next, of course, to reading the comic papers, we know of nothing so well calculated to induce blithering idiocy than to watch two elderly spinsters with corkscrew curls and hay-fever, in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, playing "Tiddleywinks" for a box of corn-shields on a wet afternoon with the fire out.

No matter how wilful and destructive a boy may be, we have not come across one so degraded or so entirely lost to self-respect as to throw mud on one of Bolossy Kiralfy's posters—especially if the boy's been there.

One thing we can't fathom. It is said that a scientific explanation has been given to account for dreams that occasionally come true; but nobody has yet been able to make out why the common or kitchen fly will leave fresh meat to lunch off the bald head of a man as old as a proverb and tougher than a Shoe Lane lie.

A scientist, who is too much of a fool to be considered a rival, writes: "It is comforting, now that the summer is well on its way, to know that a bee can only sting once." Nobody but a hog would ask for more. One stings, we think, is generally considered a genteel sufficiency, with sometimes a bit to spare.

A FERRY.

"OVER!"

Have you ever heard that odd cry with which the ferryman is called when he is on the other side of the Thames?

In the early morning you hear it, when the larks are singing their gayest over the but-tercup-decked fields. In drowsy mid-day you hear it, when the air seems so heavy that you almost wonder that you can catch the tinkling of the sheep-bell. At sunset you hear it, when the cows are lowing on the barge-path, and the folks are beginning to light the lamps in the house-boats. In the moonlight—"O-ver." How the sound goes floating away in the shadows!

I remember that particular ferry quite well. To me, as a boy, that crossing had the charm of being somewhat too dangerously near the weir. And the water on the other side of the weir was very deep, and there were half-buried shags, and holes, and big pike hanging about. And all sorts of horrors. And the stream set on the weir almost too strongly.

To make amends, though, there was the ferryman's daughter. Pretty and round, and dark-eyed and rosy cheeked—yet delicate-looking, as most girls are who are bred and born in the valley of the Thames. Sometimes for fun, in a nice little coquettish way, she would take over the boat herself. "The Ferryman's daughter from Overend Ferry." That was the name of a bit of verse about her that appeared in the *Sloerum-cum-Podger Gazette*.

"How pretty the child is." This was said twenty-five years ago, by a smart looking man who was standing by the ferry house. Though he was straw-batted and be-flannelled, he had the look of the real soldier about him.

"Doosid nice girl," he said again to a straw-batted friend. Ten minutes afterwards, the ferryman's daughter had her boat

frightened with the two men.

"What a pretty place yours is!" said the soldier, not too boldly to cause a fright. "You must be happy here, amongst the roses and by the river." "It's very dull," answered the girl, looking at him under her long lashes. "Why," said one of the men, "didn't the farrier say that there was a fair at Litton, to-night?" he turned and laughed to the ferry-

man's daughter. "I suppose you will not be dull there?" he asked. The Thames village coquette smiled. "It depends on who will be there." Was this said as a challenge? I, for one—the story-teller—choose to think so. At any rate, when the men got out, at least a minute or two afterwards, one of them was saying: "Leave the girl alone, and to her own life. I hate your village conquests."

More than twenty years have gone by. Still the ferryman's daughter's in the boat once more. A grizzled, worn-out looking man, with the crow's feet well-stamped out in the corners of his eyes. And what was the woman saying?

"Yes, I am back here again. And you are back here again. It would have been better if we had never met. Better for you, perhaps."

"You might forget it, Polly; it was a long time ago, since I talked a bit of nonsense to you. What a strange accident that we should meet at last!"

"I wonder what will come of it," she answered.

"But aren't we drifting a bit too near the weir?" said the man.

A man who was on the barge-path heard a discordant shout. He looked round.

"Why, God bless me! the ferry boat's over the weir!"

And that night the village mortuary held two inmates.

The ferryman's daughter and the major of the —th Dragoons lay side by side. But their faces did not look particularly peaceful.

Was it accident, murder, suicide, revenge, etc., etc.? I cannot tell.

At any rate, the Fates and Black Death Esquire had got pretty tight hold of the man who once boasted of his village conquests.



"The ferry boat's over the weir!"



A DIVING BELLE.

"Look sharp, Alice, with the camera; I cannot remain in this position much longer."



MAID IN GERMANY.



THE LADY TRAVELLER.

"I am travelling in search of health. She. Glad to meet you. I am travelling in Bunkum's Pills, shilling a box; or I can do you a gross at greatly reduced prices."



"Bertie has two thousand a year and only one eye; Horace has a little more per annum and a wooden leg. Which would you advise me to marry, dear?"—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

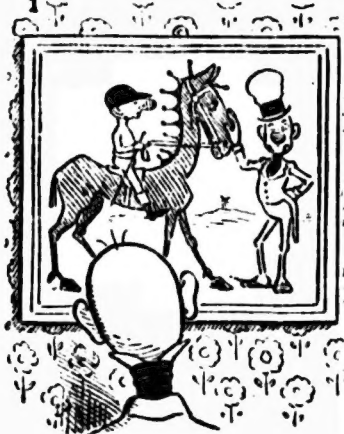
TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS



No. 345.—MISS MARIE MAYERS.

"Oh that I could but link her lips with mine."—The Dook Snook.
"Fair maid, where got thee all thy peerless beauty?"—Lord Bob.
"She doth enrapture all who gaze upon her."—The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MATTHEW DAWSON, Esq.



A. SLOPER had slapped his old friend, Matthew Dawson, on the back on Derby Day, and drank his jolly good health and that of his good lady on their golden wedding day, and now nothing remained but to run down to the famous trainer's quiet home at Exning and interview him.—(1) "Ah," sighed the F.O.M., as he gazed at a beautiful oil painting of Black Maria, with Alec up and her proud owner at her head, hanging in his study—Black Maria, it may be remembered, the Eminent purchased of the Dook Snook for two-pun-ten, and saw her run a bad nowhere at Epsom and Ascot last year—"ah, had Matt Dawson had the training of thee, my beauty, I might have been a rich man now, and the cat's meat man would have been balked of his prey!" "Feyther," said Alec, "Bill Higgins' ave a horse to sell cheap—'arf a thick 'un down, the rest on the three years' system, wot would give Black Maria bonns." "Ah, say you so?" cried his parent. "Then all is not yet lost! Let me consider. To-day is Saturday. If I purchased the animal and rode it down to Dawson's place, there might yet be time for him to put it in condition to pull off the Royal Hunt Cup.—(2) "Go, my son, and bid Soany William produce the animal." "Feyther, 'tis now in our back yard." The bargain was struck. Higgins willingly receives half a crown on account.—(3) And soon A. SLOPER, astride Spot—for that

was the creature's name—was ambling down to Exning. At length, we find him in converse with Mr. Dawson.—(4) "I assure you, SLOPER, my dear fellow, it's impossible," the latter is saying. "Nothing, my dear Dawson, is impossible with the trainer of fine Derby winners." "It's very kind of you to say so, but in whose stable is the animal at present?" "Whose? Why, yours, to be sure!" "Mine?" "Yes; I got your groom to put it up directly I got off the blessed thing!" "What! is that the—" "Yes; and look here, Dawson, I really can't ride it back, I must have something softer and leveler." "Lucky thought, SLOPER! There's a circus, I hear, somewhere in the neighbourhood: the proprietor might take it off your hands." How was A. SLOPER to know that that beastly old crock belonged to that circus proprietor, who had left it in Battersea Fields last week to recruit its health, and that that young blackguard, Bill, and—no, Alexandry could not be so wicked—had nicked it?—(5) "Come to the police!" cried the circus proprietor. "Nay, rather come to my friend, Mr. Matthew Dawson," replied the Buffed Wreck, "who will vouch for my respectability." And thus was A. SLOPER saved from a felon's doom. But wait till he gets that young Higgins by the scruff! If he doesn't give him what for, it won't be for the want of trying.

THE ELDER'S WANT OF SYMPATHY.



(1) It was at the monthly Pense-Brose Supper o' the Auld Kirk Cornerstones, and Farmer McSwine (who'd been drinkin') suddenly started to bellow like ane o' his ain kye, "There's nae pense-brose like ma grauny's pense-brose and A'm a meecurable man."

(2) "Here's a poultice for yer salt heid an' balm for yer achin' heart!" yelled the Elder, as he clapped Swine's basin o' brose over his occiput.

(3) "Stop me not, Mistress McSwine, on ma glorious career. Dae ye no see, woman, that A'm on ma way tae the Auld Kirkyard tae be a petrifid pense-brose monument tae ma pair auld grannie?"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Hail! noble friends and patrons, hail! A right merry greeting to you, one and all. 'Tis a treat of uncommon excellence I have in store for you this week, my masters, and right anxiously ye are expecting it, I warrant. I will keep ye no longer in suspense:—Disciples of the gentle art, Have made a most successful start:—The Royal Botanic's big display came off, I hear, the other day:—The students hold, it would appear, A conversazione here:—A grand occasion this you see, As it, of

course, was bound to be:—To see the sport at Sandown Park, The votaries of racing hark:—The ancient town of Oxford's gay Upon Commemoration Day:—The Primate's Party drew, I hear, A goodly throng from far and near.—There, good friends, what think you that for a show? If it's not fully up to your expectations you are indeed hard to please. I have something special, too, for next week, so until then, farewell.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

MODERN DANCING



"ERE Y'ARE, MISS, 'EVENING STAR'P"



FRESH, WITHOUT DOUBT

"What say, Guv'nor? Not fresh? Why, blimey, jest look at the plumage on 'em!"



"Well, which may I take? I see you're not engorged for the Cachuca, the Highland Fling Sioux War Dance, or the Cau-Cau."



AND STILL HE LIVES.

"By Jove, Mand! you're quite a manufacturer of jokers—for you seem to know how to make a punt-air."



"LORDS" AND LADIES.

Aunt Bargey. What's the excitement, Mand? Maud. Only a maiden over, Aunt. Aunt Bargey. Only a—oh! poor thing!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE rumour that has been going the rounds of society to the effect that A. SLOPER has recently joined the Anti-Gambling League is entirely without foundation. No, the Ancient One intends to follow in the footsteps of Lord Rosebery, and stick to the turf as long as he pleases. The babbling of a few notoriety-hunting faddists will most certainly not affect this resolution. Racing is the national pastime of Old England, and will always remain so, in spite of all the Anti-Gambling Leagues in the world.



THE statement that the Dook Snook is writing the next serial for *Larks* is false. It is only one of those rumours put about by reptile

contemporaries, jealous of the marvellous success of our champion h'porth. As a matter of fact, the Dook couldn't write a paragraph to save his life, much less one of those thrilling serials for which *Larks* is so justly famed.

TO-DAY, Saturday, the Tower Bridge is publicly opened by A. SLOPER, assisted by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Most of the Eminent's family and friends will be in attendance. The "pubs," therefore, in the neighbourhood stand a chance of doing big business.

HAS the Baby Show, which was announced to be held at Knightsbridge, been postponed? Or, if not, why has the London Press chosen to overlook the same? Surely a *Baby Show* gives plenty of scope for the penny-a-liner's ingenuity.

A VERY pretty story reaches us from—but no, we must not mention names. It appears that a certain young lady foolishly allowed herself to be surrounded by the incoming tide, and had it not been for the prompt and heroic conduct of a certain young man who fortunately happened to be upon the spot, there would, in all probability, be yet another "Sad Case of Drowning." Acquaintance between rescued and rescuer grew rapidly from friendship to love, and now the happy pair have been wedded; and the young lady turns out to be an enormously wealthy heiress. So now, boys, push up for the briny as soon as possible, and endeavour to rescue an heiress for yourself.

THE Mildewed Mound has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon H. S. BARLOW, because he's a champion lawn-tennis champion. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Orbed, "why, oh, why don't you have a court laid out at Mildew? I feel sure it I'd a bit o' practis I should be able to take on anybody." And the Agèl, with visions of quaffing his "Unsweetened" from a silver challenge cup, promised to see what could be done.

STILL another infant prodigy! The masculine Sloper twin, Boulanger Shakebacon, will, in all probability, before the end of the year, appear at the Royal Aquarium, in an unprecedented feat of diving into a tub of treacle from the height of six feet.

"THE Sphinx" is the title of a so-called poem by Oscar Wilde. It is just beautiful to read—not on account of its poetry, but its pathos. It is just what we might have expected from the O'Wilde—a fulsome gushing to a cat in manufactured verse written in the metre of the *Iliad*. There are two hundred lines in the poem and an illustration to every other. And the price is two guineas. It is too cheap if.

IF Lord Lytton were alive now and had produced *Money* in the year of grace, 1894, the play would have come in for a severe slating from the critics. Lord Bulwer Lytton, though, is now gathered with his fathers, and was lucky enough to leave a splendid reputation behind him. This makes all the difference. The London critics (with very few exceptions) are wonderfully unanimous in their reception of the piece, and even Lytton himself would have been astounded to behold the lavish praise bestowed upon it. *Money*, as at present revived at the Garrick Theatre, is certainly no worse than many previous revivals; rather better than most of them, if anything. The company has been selected with great care, and includes in its ranks such well-known artists as John Hare, Forbes Robertson, C. Brookfield, Kate Rorke, and last but not least, Mrs. Bancroft.



THE downfall of Matchbox in the Grand Prize of Paris has so upset Baron Hirsch, that A. SLOPER's offer to sell him his famous thoroughbred, Skunk, has as yet met with no response.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE greeting which was bestowed upon A. SLOPER upon his arrival at the Tivoli the other evening was really a most noble one. So overcome, in fact, was the young man in charge of the box office that he double-locked his till, shut down and barricaded his window, and shouted out "Police!" in as loud a voice as the excitement of the moment would permit. A. SLOPER is very fond of the Tivoli. He always manages to work a few hours' amusement out of the bill of fare provided. His recent visit was certainly no exception to the rule, as the programme was of the A1 copper-bottom order. All the principal artistes of the music-hall profession were present, and entertained ALLY in their very best style.

THE "Ally Sloper Wheel," which is in course of construction in the back-yard of "The Mildeweries," so far as height is concerned, is calculated to knock into a cocked hat the one in the Exhibition grounds at Earl's Court. If the "Ally Sloper Wheel" does not reach to the moon, it will be for want of funds solely. The wheel, which is being constructed under the auspices of A. SLOPER, has already reached the height of two feet.

AFTER mature consideration, it has been decided that Cousin Evelina shall not come "out" this season. The same determination also applies to the Ancient's overcoat.

A. SLOPER is greatly disappointed at the failure of Lord Dunraven's Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. Mrs. S. has got a really tasty sister that A. SLOPER has long had his eye on in the event of anything happening to his Old Dutch.

A GERMAN named Duinsofth was charged the other day with assault. He is now doing "hard."

MUCH regret is felt in cricketing circles that A. SLOPER, owing to the multiplicity of his engagements, has been compelled to stand out of the eleven Mr. Stoddart will take out to Australia. The loss of the distinguished veteran is a sad blow to the team.

FOLKS are crying out—and not without reason, either—at the alarming increase in the number of cases of furious riding by cyclists. Children, feeble old ladies and tottering old gentlemen, are knocked down every day in the week by these "scorching" machines, who—thanks to the swiftness of their bike—can usually escape the consequences by flight. Nobody wants to interfere with the legitimate indulgence in so popular and healthy a sport, but this dangerous racing in town and country should be put down—and that firmly.

THE absence of A. SLOPER's superb colt, Skunk, from the Ascot fixtures has been much commented upon, and grave rumours were at one time current that he had shared the fate of Pensioner, and been poisoned. We are glad to state, however, that Skunk is alive and kicking, too. It is the Eminent's intention to keep him for the Leger.

THE Coaching Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, which will remain open until July 25th, is a truly fine and large show of all things appertaining to riding and driving, both past and present. Some of the loan relics are particularly interesting, though the absence of the Sloperian barouche is an unfortunate oversight. The editor of our bright and popular contemporary, the *Road*, is, we believe, mainly responsible for the success of the exhibition.

Now that at last the Salvationists are revolting, the wily "General" had better look to himself. Mutiny in the camp is a bad thing, and must expose, as it has done, certain things connected with the "Army" which it is not nice to have made public. What an alarming appetite for collections "Headquarters" seems to have.

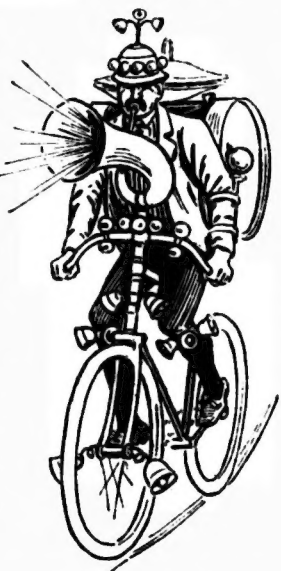
THE Special Illustrated Spring and Export Number of the *Stationery World* is really a work of art in its way. The paper is of the finest, and the printing is of the best. The general "get-up" of the journal, in fact, is perfect, and reflects great credit upon the genial editor as well as on his staff.

A NEW law in Russia decrees that all serious disputes between army officers shall be first investigated by a Court of Inquiry, who

shall decide whether a duel is unavoidable. If the row can be settled without resort to "weppings," as the Bloodstained would say, the disputants must kiss and make it up; but if the tribunal thinks otherwise, it is a case of pistols for two and coffee for one, and the two may forthwith repair to the nearest convenient spot and carry out the slaughter comfortably, with the full assurance that this action is approved of by the authorities.

Very nice sort of place, Russia, isn't it?

THE downfall of Matchbox in the Grand Prize of Paris has so upset Baron Hirsch, that A. SLOPER's offer to sell him his famous thoroughbred, Skunk, has as yet met with no response.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 7TH JULY, 1894.

1st July, 1749.—In a riot which occurred this day in the Strand, three disorderly houses were stripped and demolished by the mob. The Strand is so called from its following the line of the shore of the Thames, which formerly flowed much nearer to it than now. Westminster and London were a mile asunder in 1663, when the houses were thatched, and there were mud walls in the Strand. When one of the Irish witnesses on the Parnell Commission said he had seen a man on the Strand, the counsel supposed he meant in the Strand, outside the Court; but, on further inquiry, it turned out the witness meant on the sea shore in Ireland.

2nd July, 1868.—W. J. Wilde, treasurer of the old Haymarket Theatre, died this day, aged 45. During his time, an eccentric old gentleman, dressed in an antiquated fashion, used to visit the upper circle nightly, wandering from one side of the house to the other, and eagerly scanning the faces of the audience, but never remaining longer than an hour. He was said to be crazy, and hopelessly searching for some unknown lady, with whom, at that theatre, years before, he had fallen in love.

3rd July, 1816.—This day, Dutch Sam, the famous pugilist, died at the London Hospital in the 42nd year of his age. He was buried in the Jews' burying ground, Whitechapel. "Sam's integrity was a bright jewel," says Pierce Egan; "it was undoubtedly of the first water. He was once tampered with by an offer of £1000 to lose a battle, but at once disclosed the affair to his backers. If all our pugilists had displayed the like honesty, the ring would be in a very different state."

4th July, 1827.—Under this date Hone says, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him—give hackney coachmen good characters and you'll be laughed at. It should be known that persons leaving property in hackney coaches may very generally recover it by applying at the coach office. Since the Act of Parliament, requiring hackney coachmen to bring such articles to the office, came into effect, which is not four years and a half ago, no less than 1058 articles have been so brought, being of the aggregate value of £45,000 and upwards."

5th July, 1890.—This day a newspaper says: "At Lowell (Mass.), Charles G. Stowell and Lottie E. Anderson were married in an anchored balloon, the ceremony being witnessed by 10,000 persons. The clergyman, having tied the nuptial knot, left the happy couple in the balloon, the best man and the bridesmaids also retiring to terra firma. The bridegroom, who is an accomplished balloonist, then 'let go,' and the airship sailed gracefully towards the skies amidst the cheers of the crowd, who were not unreasonably excited by the novelty of a honeymoon in mid-air."

6th July, 1189.—In the time of Henry II., who died this day at Chinon, there was horse-racing at Smithfield, where a silver bell was the common prize. Hence came the expression of "bearing away the bell."

7th July, 1890.—A newspaper of this date says: "A curious and horrible account is published of some Chinese naval executions which were recently carried out at the port of Kowloon. The prisoners were brought ashore in baskets by boats from the ships in the bay, and were set down on the beach. They were six in number, and all appeared to have been well dosed with opium. The executioners were two men in white jackets and straw hats, armed with swords, which, while they were waiting for their victims, they handed round among the spectators. The prisoners were ranged in two lines just above high-water mark, and the executioners, after removing their hats, took one line each, and proceeded calmly to smite off the heads of the men in the baskets. Executioner number one severed his first head at a blow, made an ineffectual but terrible cut at the second, passed on to the third, and then returned to the second man and deliberately sawed through his throat. Executioner number two did his work less barbarously; but he did not begin until the men of the second line had witnessed the massacre of their comrades of the first, and he had to make a second blow at one of his victims."

CHANGE OF FRONT.

Most fervently I vowed to her
Who was to be my bride,
That I should ne'er be happy till
The nuptial knot was tied.

We're wedded now—a great mistake
I made, without a doubt;
And now the thing I vow is just
The other way about.

"WOMEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

THERE'S a nice girl that we know of who takes a tame crab, with the ends of its nippers carefully filed down, with her right clean into the sea whenever she goes a-bathing at Ramsgate. She trained that crab not to nip her by wearing a tin skirt, and now she can safely raise an artistic squawk and bring all the telescopes to bear on without the slightest risk whatever. "Poor girl!" the Johnnies say; "those beastly crabs again. I could see him as plain as a pikestaff." They little know that it's all biz. The intelligent crustacean swims out about a hundred yards, and then comes meekly back to the steps of the bathing-machine, where he is carefully gathered up by the un-nipped fair one and taken home in a ventilated tin-box. What will them gals be up to next, I should like to know?

HE'D GOT 'EM!

WHEN poor old Brown from angling came, with such a breath and worn-out frame, and just a twitching of the nerves, his missis called the doctor in and said:

"My husband says he's been a-fishin' in old Brown's preserves!"
"Quite so," the doctor said. And while he turned away to hide a smile that gave reflection of his whim, he muttered, mixing certain drachms: "Twas there, no doubt, he caught the *Jana*, whose Christian designation's *Jim*."

A STUDY OF WOMEN.

THERE'S no doubt but that women have a greater variety of tones in their voice than men have. Take for instance—1. The scream artificial, when she affects fright at the sight of a black beetle. 2. The scream hypocritical, when she's kissed a bit too publicly. 3. The scream natural, or common household squawk, when by accident they've left the scissors in the arm-chair, and the sweet, giddy thing has plumped herself on them. Wonderful study, ain't it?

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON E.C.

HORRORS OF THE HOARDINGS.

[Great anguish is visible daily on the faces of those who are afflicted by the sight of certain so-called "pictures" on our hoardings.]



BEHOLD the startled passer-by.
Behold his up-raised hair!
Behold his anguish-laden eye
That gives a ghastly glare!
Look how his knees together knock,
And how he walls with woe.
You ask, what is it caused this shock?
Great Scot! why, don't you know?
The sight that doth their nerves appal
Are those Wild Women on the Wall!

One Whiskersley is most to blame

For giving us the "jumps";
But Softy plays a smarter game
With frightful female "chumps":
The girls, high-cheeked and bleary-eyed,
That make the jim-jams rife,
Were never anywhere espied
In any form of Life!
And so these women rouse our gall
In Yellow Books and on the Wall!

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

It was like this, you see. Charlie Stumerspotter had had it straight from the stable—it was a moral, a dead cert.; in fact, according to the testimony of the Newmarket genius who was responsible for the tip, "the bloomin' oss couldn't lose if it tried."

Well, now, what was the only thing to be done with reference to an animal of this kind? Naturally, reader, you will respond, "Seek the nearest reliable bookmaker and put on all you have, down to your very shirt." Just so; and this is exactly what Charlie did—with, perhaps, the exception of the afore specified article of apparel. Then he sat down and made a few simple calculations, the result of which showed him that if Galopshus—that was the horse's name—if Galopshus came in first, he, Charlie Stumerspotter, would be the proud possessor of £2117, a sum which would not only relieve him from the somewhat pressing attention of certain gentlemen of Hebrew extraction, but leave him a comfortable little bit over.

Poor Charlie, he was in a deuce of a state for days before the race; couldn't sleep or rest a moment; and the number of evening and sporting papers he invested in, just to see that the precious beast was going on all right, would have provided curling paper for the whole feminine population of the metropolis.

But nothing happened to Galopshus, he remained quite steady in the betting at 33 to 1, and as no single newspaper prophet tipped him as at all likely to get a place, this was in itself reassuring.

Charlie went down to his club on the day of the race and made one of the crowd who clustered around the tape. Up came the starters and jockeys. An instant, and then—click, click—"They're off!" was registered.

Charlie's heart thumped like a steam-engine. Click, click! What's that? Galopshus 1, Mulberry 2, Saveloy 3.

Charlie threw up his hat with a perfect yell of delight, and then, rushing forth, hailed a hansom, and got together as snug a little party of choice pals as "never went home till morning."

Then he dressed, went down to the Café Royal and ordered a private room, and a fine and well-considered feed. All the boys turned up and, bless you, it was a dinner! and as bottle after bottle came out of the ice-pail it was—"Married an heiress, old man!" "Come into a fortune?" "Do tell us, old chappie."

But only with the dessert did the host explain. "Gentlemen," he said, "fill your glasses and drink to—Galopshus."

The toast was honoured with a roar; but Bertie Langham bent cross and said, "You didn't back Galopshus for to-day, did you?" "Rather, my boy," laughed Charlie, "and a thundering good—Thy, what's up, Bert?"

"Only this, my boy: there was an objection lodged against Galopshus immediately after the race, and the stewards have sustained it, old chap!"

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

EVE EVERLEY.

EVE, and a daughter of Eve!
For she holds the Apple of Love
In her fair white hands,
And her bosom heaves
Triumphant, as trembling bands
Of woovers, who value her charms above
Diamonds, amethysts, rubies,
golds, [holds]
Clutch at the Apple of Love she
Eve, and a daughter of Eve!
For the Apples of Joy and Pain
Are her own to give,
And those who receive
Must, some of them, blissless live,
And, some of them, tread an Elysian plain.
She can life prolong, she can life destroy,
With the magical Apples of Pain and Joy!
Eve, and a daughter of Eve!
For the Apple of Discord, thrown
By her slender hand,
Gathers strength to grieve
And a wound, till a wistful band

Of woovers, all frantic and frenzied grown,
Fight with each other like beasts in lairs
For the gift of the Apple of Love she bears!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

TIVOLI, Strand, June 16th, 1894.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Allow me to tender my sincerest thanks for your very great kindness in presenting me with your much-coveted "Award of Merit." I have hung it among my most treasured of treasures, such as the Victoria Cross, Order of the Garter, etc., etc.; and I can assure you that, in my estimation, your Award far exceeds in importance either of the above-mentioned Orders. Allow me, therefore, with great reverence for the "Champion 'Unsweetened 'Shifter of the World," to sign myself
Yours sincerely, GEO. ROBEY, F.O.S.

POST OFFICE, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND,
Easter Sunday, 1894.

DEAR ALLY,—No doubt you will be glad of a line from your old friend, Harry Rayward, to hear how the Family are progressing. Well, the New Zealanders are catching on to my show, and, to use a colonialism, the tour is "panning out" first rate. Of course, the chief attraction is Tootsie; the Maoriland Johnnies are all gone on her, and just a look at your noble phiz is sufficient to paralyse the Maori girls. I send you a cut from a photo of my fit-up. You will see I still keep the whole Family in evidence, from the Twins down to Snatcher. I have had no end of trouble to keep the Family from straying; in fact, I have to keep watch on you day and night, as several Maori Chiefs are gone on obtaining your "figure-head" for a god, and I don't want to see you embellishing the doorway of a Maori-Pai, although you might be a trifle more presentable—in the matter of clothes, for instance—than the average chump the Maoris pray to. I had no end of trouble to get you all through the custom house. At first they took me for Jack the Ripper, travelling around with a miscellaneous assortment of "remains"; but the fun got into the papers, and has been a first-class advertisement for us all. Inclosed is my bill in Maori; try to read it to the Twins; but take a few drops of "Unsweetened" first to lubricate your vocal chords. With love from the Family,
Yours for ever,
HARRY RAYWARD.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 224.—HE MAKES A HERMIT OF POOR MCGOOSELEY.

WEEP for McGooseley! weep and deplore!—

Not that McGooseley is dead,

But for ever and ever, and one day more,

He will lie like a log in bed.

And the way he's got doomed to so shocking a fate

The "Sloperies" bard will with sorrow relate.

Said Mac to the Fossil, "I'm stony, by jingo!"

Yet fain would go sample stout, sherry and stingo!"

The Fossil made answer, "My pouchet is hollow,

Yet yearn I to fizzle, to bust, to slakewallow!"

Then the twin (for one's spirit grim poverty vexes)

Shed tears of despair on each other's lank necks.

But by-and-by a hope-fraught thought there crossed 'em.

Two tars, though dear as brother is to brother,

When savage winds have on a wrecked ship tossed 'em,

Will just draw lots for who shall kill the other.

And so the Mound and Mac would cast a lot:

And he who won should pawn the other's clothes,

And have a beanfeast with the cash he got;

And he who lost three days in bed repose!

McGooseley lost the "toss": so the Mildew-laden Hoss

Went and pawned his comrade's togs for three-and-nine.

And McGooseley wept in bed, while the Jovial Jinkist sped

To a guzzlement of whisky, gin and wine.

And, as Mac lives all alone, and as SLOPER ne'er will own

Three-and-ninepence while his wretched frame is quick,

For the statement we can vouch that poor Mac within his couch

Must remain until the bucket he doth kick.

So let tears for him be shed, who must lie forlorn in bed

Till the takers of the census, eighty months hence, find him

dead!

STONEBROKE.

THEY met outside the Gaiety bar, both presenting as flint-shattered an appearance as is roughly compatible with decency. Their eyes, and then their hands, met, and the following conversation ensued:

"What, Bill, old chap!" exclaimed the one in the fringed trousers and green-at-the-shoulders coat, "how are ye?"

"Rocky, dear old chappie, rocky," replied the other, who might by his appearance have gone to a Covent Garden ball as "The Ruins of Carthage"—or, indeed, of any bygone age.

"Been anywhere this season?"

"Well, dunno what you call anywhere; put in an appearance at three balls last week."

"Oh, the deuce you did! All in one week?"

"All in one brief half-hour, old chappie—in fact, they were at my dear old avuncular relative's—hanging to the wall, in fact—and he, like the dear, cheery old sportsman that he is, pulled me out enough for lunch in consideration of my leaving with him our garden shears, the bedroom fireirons and the baby's bottle. Going to wash your neck, old chappie?"

"Tha-anks, y're very good; don't care if I do. Step in the 'bottle and jug,' those 'private bar' glasses are so confoundedly small!"

And, just in the old sweet way, they gargled.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING MAN.

(WHOSE PET DOG HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM HIM TO THE VIVISECTION ROOM.)

HERE on my sick-bed lying I am, painfully, slowly dying,
Yet the soul that is from me flying they have torn with a name less woe.

The dog that I reared from its hapless birth,
My one firm friend on a friendless earth,
They have taken from me, as nothing worth,
To the torture-room to go.

Perhaps it is merely dreaming, but my favourite's frantic screaming
Is to fall on my senses seeming, and it shatters my heart in twain.
He will darkly fancy, my poor dumb pet,
That the hand he loved has willingly let
Him go—with no tremor of ruth, regret—
To a merciless hell of pain.

I have none in the world who love me to lay the cold earth above me,
And hence they will hence remove me, when a corpse on my bed I lie.

To the gruesome room of dissection, where
With horrible knives they will lay me bare,
And my scarce-cold flesh they will rive and tear,
That Science may gain thereby.

But I would to God they would take me, and (heedless what sneaks might shake me)

Vivisection's victim make me, for the hours I have yet to live,
If but, in return, they would let me press
My tortured pet with a last caress
Then unto him, sure of my faithfulness,
One sudden swift death-stroke give!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE: A lady who has just donned her complexion powder.

THE Only "Licks" that None of Us are Averse to Getting: Spoudu-licks.

THE LION QUEEN.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER II.

HAMISH McNAB, when he reached the base of the mountain, solemnly shook the dust of his native wilds off his feet. The world



Shook the dust off his feet.

But, ere he reached a spot to test his theory, he encountered something which was to exercise an influence over his fortune. That something was a long procession of yellow vans. Some there were which were not merely clothed in the general uniform yellow, but had hints of elaborate decoration, and of plate glass with white window curtains. Hamish had never before seen such a procession. It fell with all the force of a new impression on a mind that still presented a virgin page to receive the glories of a wild beast show.

As van after van filed past Hamish McNab's mind continued to fill with wonder, the glories revealed increasing this admiration in regard to the glories concealed. He realised that such an establishment must of necessity attract crowds; his circumstances required that he, too, should be where crowds were. Piping in the wilderness would not bring in the wherewithal to meet the cravings of his Scotch stomach; and his Scottish canniness suggested that, he being the lesser, ought to attach himself to the greater attraction, and thus he might the sooner begin the musical career, which he hoped would yield his sustenance till something better turned up.

And fortune was in his favour. While the thought of how he could attach himself to the procession without seeming an intruder was still troubling his brain, he saw one of the vans give a lurch, then sway ominously to one side. A wheel had given way. To rush forward, seize a long pole attached to the waggon, and



A wheel had given way.

to jam that pole beneath the wrecked side of the van was the work of a brief moment for the brawny Scot. Then help came from the other waggons; a spare wheel was brought, and in a quarter of an hour the damage was repaired, and the procession was again on its way.

"Say, mister," said a velvet-coated member of the company, "ye look a handy, willing sort of chap—are you in want of a job?"

"I am out of work just now."

"Well, you seem willing, an' all that—if you don't mind, there's twelve shillings a week and a share of what grub is going, if you like to join us. Beds cost nothing with us—you can always turn in into an empty cage; and if you don't object to sleep with the snakes an' help to keep 'em warm, why, it would be a shilling a week more for you in cold weather."

"I don't think I would care to sleep with the snakes," said Hamish McNab. "I never saw a snake, but I have read of them, and I don't think I'd care to be with them."

"Well, it's all prejudice, ye see, and prejudice has to be got over; and I thought as how a man who had no trousers wouldn't object to the extra warmth. But what say you to the other offer? You have been obliging, and one of our men drank himself into a fit, and we had to leave him at the last town."

"Well, I'll be glad, if you think I'll be useful."

"Useful? Oh, we'll make you useful, deuce a fear of that: there's a hundred ways a man can be useful in a wild beast show. You could clean out the cages, an' such like: you see, if the beasts bit you they wouldn't tear your trousers, at all events. Step along with us."

Hamish's new friend was the lion tamer, and husband of the lady proprietor of the show.

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY

NOT VERY PARTICULAR AFTER ALL.



No. 366.—INSPECTOR MELVILLE, F.O.S.

"Although comparatively a young man still, Inspector Melville can, as far as worldly experience is concerned, give points and a beating to many of those individuals who have already attained the allotted span of life, viz., three score years and ten. He has dabbled in anarchy, in chemistry, in burglary, in astrology, in murder, and in fact in all sorts of pomp and vanity appertaining to this wicked world of ours. Nevertheless, he is still at large, and although he has been in nearly every English prison, none of them can boast of retaining his person for more than two or three consecutive hours at a stretch. The genial Inspector has, in his time, rendered wonderful service to the State, and is a great favourite in the highest circles; and it is rumoured that before many months have elapsed, a peerage will be conferred upon him by either Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, or A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M. Our hero is thoroughly domesticated, is married, and is fond of 'cotch.' Chiefly because he is the Sherlock Holmes of everyday life, Melville was created F.O.S. and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him May 12th, 1894.—*Debrett Improved.*



Friendly Counsellor. Aren't you afraid of the D. T.'s with the awful lot you drink?
Mr. McGinling. Nor a bit of it, sonnie. Ye see, I'm a snake-charmer by profession.



Voices from Rear. What, yer wants my darter's hand?—and a cove who ain't got fourpence in his pocket to stand her poor father a pot of four 'alf? Git out!



"Say, old man, strikes me this hot weather makes me drier, and you wetter than ever."



First Fair One. I wish I was a man, Harry: I should so like to become a member of your club.
Harry. Yass, of course. They're particular, of course, though, whom they admit.
Second Fair One. But you got in.



EASILY PLEASED.

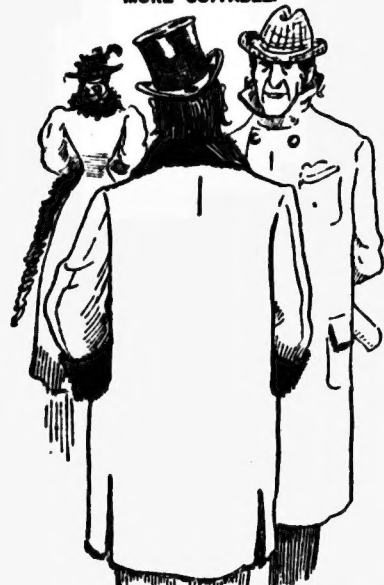
Floatie. Oh! it was very nice; but I'd just as soon have a chop and a glass of stout—really.
[Rather rough on young Moomins—the "blow out" they've just had at the Star and Garter being the result of two months' savings.]



FATHERLY ADVICE.

Father-in-Law. Look here, my lad, Cissie tells me that for two nights out of every three you complain of seeing rats of all colours running about the bedroom; take this trap and try and catch 'em.

MORE SUITABLE.



A. I hear old Bloggs is very ill. What's the matter with him?
 B. Consumption, I believe.
 A. (who knew Bloggs). What? Oh! consumption of whisky I suppose you mean.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED



Selina.

QUITE DIFFERENT.



"Do you see you've broken my beautiful Venetian glass, and I told you to be so careful, too." "You spoke about the chiner; I never 'card nothing about no glans."



FEELING HIS WAY

Young Downship. Er—I suppose, if I were to kiss you, Miss Margery, you'd scream?
Miss Margery. Try me.



A REAL FRIEND.

Connie. If you only knew what fearful faces you make when you try to swim, you'd never attempt it again. If George can see you with his glasses I am sure he will break off your engagement.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.



(1) He was a real Poet, and had just got as far as "Here, high on the Downs where the lambskin frisk," when—



(2) One of them flkled him down a chalk cutting into a bed of briars. That poem was never published.